

Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 2.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, APRIL 21, 1835.

NUMBER 36

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
GEORGE W. MILLETT.
TERMS.—One dollar and fifty cents in advance.—
One dollar and seventy-five cents at the end of six months.
—Two dollars at the end of the year.
No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the
option of the Publisher.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms;
the proprietor not being accountable for any error in
any advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.
Communications, and Letters on business must be
addressed to the publisher, Post-paid.

THE FIRST AND LAST PRAYER.

"Pray for me, mother! pray that no blight
May come on my hopes and prospects bright;
Pray that my days may be long and fair—
Free from the anxieties of care;
Pray that the laurels I grasp at now
May live as long around my brow;
And pray that my gentle lady-love
May be found as the nightingale, true as the dove."

The mother knelt by her own hearth's stone,
With her hand on the head of her only son,
And lifting up her glowing eye,
Prayed for all blessings fervently;
And then she took one look of hair
From his manly forehead, smooth and fair,
And he kissed her cheek, and left her side
With a bounding step and smile of pride.

"Pray for me, mother! pray that ere long
My soul may be free as a wild bird's song,
That away on the wings of the wind is driven,
And goes to rest with them in heaven.
Pray for it, mother!—may, do not weep!
Thou wilt not be less my infant sleep;
And bless me now with thy gentle breath,
For I sink away in the sleep of death."

The mother knelt by his side again—
Oh, her first prayer had been all in vain,
His lady-love had been false to him—
His fame in slanders' breath was dim;
She looked on his altered cheek and eye,
And she felt 'twas best that he should die;
Then she prayed for his death in fond despair,
And his soul passed away with that last will prayer.

The following beautiful lines, from the Charleston
Rose Bud, contains a useful and interesting moral to the
comprehension of children, and may not be devoid of in-
terest, to minds of older growth.

IS IT SUNDAY?

"What is that lady doing there,
In such a posture?" Anna cried:
"The lady kneels in humble prayer!"
Her sister Bell replied.
Young Anna's sobs were full;
"You say the lady kneels in prayer,
To-day you know is Friday, Bell,
And is it Sunday there?"
"Oh, sister dear, can no one pray
At any other time as well?
Must Sunday be the only day?"
Said thoughtful Isabel.
"I should be very sad if I,
Who sorrow almost every day
For something wrong, must wait and sigh,
Till Sunday comes, to pray?"
"When I have erred in deed or word,
And tears arise to blind my eye,
My heart and lips with prayer are stirred,
Till I forget to sigh."
"When softly on my downy bed
I wake, and find the morning there,
I think, *ah, how smile that morning made.*
And speak to God in prayer."
"When day's bright door is shut, I know
Whose vengeful hand forbids her beam,
And dare not to my slumber go,
Till I have prayed to Him."
"Oh, sister dear, no matter where,
No matter what the hour of day,
The solemn awe, the morning fair—
'Tis always good to pray."

THE VOTER'S SONG.

A song under this title was circulating with great ef-
fect throughout England, during the elections going on
for Parliament. The following spirited verses are taken
from it. We do not wonder that such poetry and such
sentiments should be popular at such a time.
They knew that I was poor,
And they thought that I was base;
And would readily endure
To be covered with disgrace;
They judged me of their tribe
Who on dirty mammon doat,
So they offered me a bribe
For my vote, boys, vote!
Oh, shame upon my betters,
Who would my conscience buy!
But shall I wear their fetters?
Not I, indeed, not I!
My vote?—Is it not mine
To do with as I will;
To cast like pearls to swine,
To those wallowers in ill,
It is my country's due,
And I'll give it while I can
To the honest and the true,
Like a man, boys, man!
Oh, shame upon my betters,
Who would my conscience buy!
But shall I wear their fetters?
Not I, indeed, not I!
No, no, I'll hold my vote
As a treasure and a trust;
My dissonance none shall quote
When I'm mingled with the dust;
And my children, when I'm gone,
Shall be strengthened by the thought,
That their father was not one
To be bought, boys, bought!
Oh, shame upon my betters,
Who would my conscience buy!
But shall I wear their fetters?
Not I, indeed, not I!

From the Philadelphia Vade Mecum. CITY POLICE SCENES.

There are many persons in town who know
a little fellow, called by those acquainted with
him, Rocky Smalt. He is one of the feather-
weights, and, like numbers of that class, he has
a great desire for pugilistic honors—at least a
certain portion of them. He is ready enough
to quarrel, and would like the glorious reputa-
tion of victory; but the intermediate link of
the chain—the combat—is always a stumbling-
block, which Smalt cannot surmount. When a
dispute ripens to that crisis, Smalt invariably
checks the further progress of the affair by in-
quiring the weight of his antagonist, declaring
he cannot pitch himself against long odds.—
Now, as Smalt's net weight is just ninety-four
pounds, boots, hat, loose change, dead-latch
key, clothes and all, he is sure to escape. The
odds are invariably against him. To make as-
surance doubly sure, however, his first step in
venting his inclination to pick a quarrel, is to
pick his man; and he always selects one of the
largest dimensions. The stronger his opponent
the more security does Smalt feel in his own
contrasted weakness. But in one instance he
was doomed to find that his general rule was
not without its exception, and he received a for-
mal notice that his big enemy meant, at the first
convenient opportunity, to take a stick and kill
it—the pronoun "it" standing for Smalt himself.

Big Ben, the threatener, is known to be in
the habit of fulfilling his promises to the letter,
and the tribulation of "it" may be more easily
imagined than described. He was unable to
eat, and unable to sleep, and shook with trepi-
dation at every sound. A few evenings since,
he resolved to purchase a little of the compound
essence of courage and tranquility, and the
consequence was, that after strolling about for a
time, he found himself too happy to walk, and
sat down on a cellar door.

"So!" soliloquized Smalt, "he intends to
belt me, does he? Now's the time—why
doesn't he come and do it? Calls me 'it' too!
If I wasn't so tired, and if I hadn't a little touch
of a pulmonary, I'd start off after him. I'd go
and dun him for the hiding, and if he would
only quit, or let me stand on a chair, I'd give
him a receipt in full, right in the face, under
my own hand and seal. I'd knock him this-
er-way and that-er-way, till you couldn't tell
which end of his head his face is on."

Smalt suited the action to the word, and
threw out his blows, right and left, with great
vigor.

Suddenly, however, he felt a heavy hand
grasp his shoulder and give him a severe shake
while a deep gruff voice exclaimed—
"Halloo! what the deuce is all this about?
You'll tear your coat."

"Ouch!" shrieked Smalt, "ah! pray don't—
I'm holier enough."

"Why, little 'un, you must be cracked. I
won't hurt you."

"Ah!" gasped Smalt, "I took you for big
Ben, and I was afraid I'd have to break the
peace."

"That wouldn't do; but I'm thinking it
would be a little peace, if you could break it.
I'll carry home all the pieces that you can break
off in my waistcoat pocket. You're only a
pocket piece yourself."

"Nobody asked your opinions—go away.—
I've got some thinking to do, and you bother
me. Hop Scotch at once, good man, or—"

"Take care—the mayor and the squires
have gone to bed, but the law never gets asleep.
It's wide awake, and all lodged in my person.
After ten o'clock, the law is a Charley. I'm
the whole law."

"You only want bristles," muttered Smalt,
"to be another sort of a whole animal."

"Whew! confound your little *kerkus*, what
do you mean? I'd hit you unofficially, if there
was any use of pegging at a fly."

"Fly! you're right—I'm off," said Smalt,
taking the hint, and making a spring. But he
had miscalculated his powers, and, after run-
ning a few steps, fell down, and his interrogator
stood over him.

"Oh! you stumpy little peace breaker, I
knows what you have been about—you've been
drinking."

"You nose it, do you?—much good may it
do you. Can't a man wet his whistle without
your nosing it?"

"No, you can't—it's agin the law, which is
very full upon this pint."

"Pint! Not half of it—I hav'n't got the
stomach room."

"I'll explain the matter, so you needn't be
coth any more. Now listen—the law vinks at
vot it can't see, and lets them off 't it can't
catch. When you want to break it you must
dodge. Get snapp'd quietly in your own
house, and the law don't know nothing about
the matter. But never go thumping and bump-
ing about the street when you are primed and
snapped. That's intemperance, and the other
is temperance. But you come under the moul-
ze of the ordinance—you're a lousier."

"Now, look here. Big Ben is going to belt
me like a house-a-fire—he says he will, and he
will. He calls me 'it,' and is going to take a
stick and kill it."

This was a species of comfort which had but
little effect on Rocky Smalt. He cared noth-
ing about what would be done with Ben, af-
ter Ben had done with him. The result of
the matter, however, was the promise of the
watch to take care of Smalt for the rest of the
night, and he was accordingly deposited.—
Whether Ben has executed his threat is not yet
known.

"I've no objections to the looks of the world,"
said Lookings, as he sat one evening upon the
curbstone, gazing about; "it's a very pretty sort
of world, and has a great many pretty things
in it; and if it rained money, I should be quite
contented. Stop—that would not do either—
there would be too much of it in that case.—
The dollars would only crack our pates, and
would be worth no more than so many oyster-
shells. The best plan would be to have plenty
of every thing that's good, and every thing
in common. Then, instead of long sixes, or
Spring Garden nines, I might smoke the real
Havana; tiddle mini-jilps and hail-storms all
summer, and sit by a hot stove all winter, suck-
ling away at a hot whisky punch. That would
be nice—not a bit of work—no turning out
until after breakfast—no going to bed until ten
o'clock in the morning. What a slick world it
would be if I could fix things just as I want
them. I wouldn't have a morsel of time wasted
—we would be eating, drinking, sleeping, or
smoking, every moment in the twenty-four
hours. Fighting cocks would be fools to us.
Life would be filled out, full of fun as an egg.
Nothing like enjoying the essentials."

"You've had too much essential oil already,
I take it, my solitary friend of the curbstone."

"You're mistaken—I understand your insinua-
tion, but you and I differ in some particu-
lars. Too much of the essential is a very un-
comfortable feeling—now, I'm rather comfort-
able. I have just had enough. My bodily
wants are satisfied, and I am getting profound
on the bad arrangement of human affairs in
general. I could go to sleep nicely; and
when a man has too much he must keep awake
for he can't remember how to shut his eyes."

"You seem to know all about it."

"To be sure; I'm something of a philoso-
pher, and know a little of all sorts of matters.
Lookins is a practical man—I mean myself—
and if you've no objection to stand a glass or
two of nonsense, I'll do a genteel part by you,
and assist in demolishing half. I scorn to leave
a man in the lurch on such trying occasions."

"I won't—I'm a police officer."

"A Polish officer—Poniatowski, bows-
kowski, perhaps,—mind—honour your com-
mission, and follow my example. Love liqu-
or, but hate drunkenness, shave three times a
week, wear a clean shirt collar, or none at all,
keep a clear conscience and a straight head of
hair—last of all, be sure to pay what you owe,
when you've nothing else to do with your money."

"No gammon. I ain't up to college learn-
ing; but my rattle and mace can talk to some
purpose."

"I have nothing to say to them, and don't
wish to hear them converse. All I want is for
you to treat, most valiant Polish officer.—You
can learn how without going to college."

"You're my prisoner, and I can't. You
must money to quod extempory. Talking does
no good, except at town meetings, and you'll
find me a gun stump."

"Now, this is one of the things I'd have al-
tered if I had the fixing of the world. To my
notion, this taking of people up when they are
enjoying their own thoughts, is as bad as inter-
fering with elections. But as I can't help it,
I must do the best I can, and that is, knock un-
der—make the best of the matter, though I
don't believe there's much best to it."

"Come: you're my prisoner."

"Don't be ostentatious—I know I am."

[Exit.]

Learning a Trade. There are many peo-
ple who dislike the name of *mechanic*, and
would, rather than put their children to a trade,
tug hard at their business and live sparingly for
the sake of giving them a college education.

They think meanly of him who wears the
leather apron, and is not dressed up in finery
and show. This we believe is the reason why
there are so many petting and vagabonds
in the world. Many a son has been sent to
college with the expectation of his parents
being excited, but like the fable of the moun-
tain, he only produced a mouse. We think
ugly of our colleges and literary institutions,
and rejoice to see them prosper; but we are
more pleased to see an individual's mind turn-
ed in a right current. There are hundreds of
lawyers who would have made better me-
chanics; and have obtained a more comfortable
livelihood. And we have no doubt, there are
many mechanics who would stand high at the
bar, had they been blessed with a liberal edu-
cation. But if the child have talents, they will
not remain hid; and no matter what his trade
or profession is, they will sooner or later burst
forth. There are many distinguished individ-
uals in the literary world, who were bred to
mechanical trades. Many of the editors of our
best conducted journals were mechanics, and
do credit to the stations they occupy. And

our mechanics, too, generally speaking, are the
most industrious part of the community. They
are almost always busily employed. But it is
apt to be otherwise with professional men.
They are often dilatory, lazy. It is an effort
for them to bend their minds to a difficult pur-
suit. They are well informed, because they
spend much of their time in reading—but this
is an unprofitable business, unless we have some
definite object in view.

In these remarks we wish it not to be under-
stood that we think lightly of professional men
generally; for we do not. We wish to address
ourselves particularly to those parents who are
hesitating what occupation to give their chil-
dren. Are they ingenious, fond of mechanical
pursuits? Give them a trade. Do they love
to study, and cannot give their attention to any
thing else? Send them to college. Let your
children choose themselves what trade or pro-
fession they will follow, and what they select
will generally prove the most advantageous in
the end. But never think a trade too humble
for your son to work at—nor a profession too
important for him to acquire. Let every parent
pursue this course with his children and
we are confident there would be less unhap-
piness and misery in the world. You can never
force a trade, or a profession upon a child; it
must be natural to him. A disregard for a
child's inclination in this respect has often pro-
ved his ruin, or at least unfitted him for the du-
ties of life.—*Boston Mechanic.*

Anecdote on Time.—Two brothers, named
Josiah and William, full grown boys, happened
in at a store one evening, where the attention of
the company was somewhat attracted by a very
long watch chain dangling at the fore quarters
of Josiah. One of the company asked, "What's
the time, Josiah?" With no small ceremony
Josiah drew out his watch, and after examin-
ing it some time, referred to his brother, and
said, "Brother William, is this a figure nine or
figure seven?" William, after a few moments'
deliberation, declared it to be "figure seven."

"Well, then," replied Josiah, "it lacks about half
an inch of eight."

The Antiqueary's Humbug. The British
Museum recently purchased a splendid speci-
men of the Saurian, or lizard tribe, one of the
"monsters born before the flood," and paid for
it the sum of \$2500. It has been proved with-
in a few weeks to be an ingenious fiction in
plaster.

A Sure Servant.—"Mon, Jack," said a far-
mer in the neighborhood of Glasgow, the other
day, to his ploughman, "but you're an unco
slow feeder." "Vera true, maister," said Jack,
flourishing the spoon, "but I am a *real sure*
one."

On Thursday last a public dinner was given
to the Hon. EDWARD KAVANAGH by the citi-
zens of Nobleboro' and vicinity. No man in
the country is more deserving of the esteem of
his fellow citizens than Mr. Kavanagh—a gen-
tlemen of excellent talents, of finished educa-
tion, and most amiable disposition. In a few
weeks he will leave his native land as Charge-
d'Affaires of his government at the Court of
Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THIRTY DAYS LATER.

The following intelligence from Europe was
received at this office on Tuesday by express
from New Haven.—[States.]

After a long interval, we have received, by
packets arrived yesterday, Liverpool dates to
March 12th, London to the 11th, Paris to the
9th, and Madrid to the 1st. The Roscoe, Capt.
Delano sailed from Liverpool, March 12th—
the Caledonia Feb. 21st, and the Utica, from
Havre, 28th. The packets of the 1st are not
yet in.

The American Indemnity Bill had not been
acted upon by the Chamber of Deputies, nor
do we find that the Committee had made their
report. A Paris date of February 26, remarks
that they would to so in about a fortnight, which
would carry it beyond the date to which our
present advices extend. The members of the
Committee had called for additional papers.

The new Tory Ministry in England had
been twice defeated—once on the important
matter of the election of Speaker to the House
of Commons, but evinced no intention to resign.

A debate of some interest took place in the
French Chamber of Peers, February 23d, on
the Slavery question. The Duke of Broglie
expressed himself warmly in favor of emancipa-
tion, and of the success of the English system.
This, M. de Rigny was far from doing.

N. Y. Jour. of Commerce.

London, February 23. The disorganization
in the French Cabinet is such, that a change
of the most considerable extent is expected as
soon as the Chambers have decided on the
American Indemnity. The names mentioned
as the probable Presidents of the Council are
M. Humann, M. Dupin, or Count Mole, but
difficulties attach to the choice of any of the
three.

Paris, Feb. 26.—A number of documents,
in addition to those previously distributed to

all the deputies, have been demanded by the
members of the committee on the Bill relative
to the American treaty, and have been accord-
ingly laid before them. These papers have
been separately and scrupulously examined,
and are said to have thrown considerable light
on the question, as far as regards the importance
of the debt due by France. It appears, how-
ever, that they have not modified the opinions of
the majority of the committee, which are still
in favor of the grant of the twenty-five millions
demanded by the United States, but it must al-
so be recollected that eight of the nine Com-
missioners appointed to examine the Bill had
before their election advocated its pure and
simple adoption.

The most important among the documents
which have been communicated to the com-
mittee, will be printed and annexed to the re-
port; and the remainder will be deposited at
the office of the questors, where they may be
examined by all the deputies till after the vote
on the Bill. It is said that a number of the
deputies, and particularly the Duke of Fitz-
james and M. Berryer, are in possession of
some remarkable documents not known to the
committee, but which will be brought forward
in the course of the discussion on the bill.—
The report is expected to be ready in a fort-
night.

Toulon, Feb. 24.—We are assured that in-
structions have been sent to the commander of
the Bellona frigate, which has just left our port
for Mahon, to remain there, in order to keep in
observation the American squadron which is to
rendezvous in that port. On the same account
orders have been issued for several maritime
armaments to be held in readiness to act until
the issue shall be known of the pending discus-
sions between France and the United States.

From the Jeffersonian. NORTHEASTERN BOUNDARY.

We have at length something authentic and
official respecting the question of our Bounda-
ry.—The third question, alluded to in the fol-
lowing remarks, made by Sir Robert Peel in
the British House of Commons, is the question
in which the State of Maine is interested. It
will be perceived by the remarks of Mr. Peel,
that although the British Government were
very desirous to accept on their part the propo-
sition of compromise, recommended by the
King of the Netherlands, they now distinctly
admit that the advice of the King was not a
decision of the question—submitted and there-
fore was not obligatory on the parties to the
submission. In other words, the British Gov-
ernment now admit that the ground taken by
the Minister of our government at the Hague,
without instructions, on his own responsibility,
and by the Legislature of this State at home, is
the true ground. We have therefore happily
succeeded in disembarassing ourselves from
the toils, in which we were entangled by the
submission to the King of the Netherlands.—
Our rights remain unalienated and untrammelled
by any of the proceedings, which have hereto-
fore been had on the part of Maine—its Gov-
ernor and Council—its Legislature—its mem-
bers of Congress, or any of its agents.—The
people will be able to see by the extract we
give below, that the stories about selling the ter-
ritory—disfranchising its citizens, and a hun-
dred other bug-bares, are the exaggerations or
fabrications of political partisans regardless of
principle and the public interests of the State.

It is well known that the President of the
U. S. is a man of high notions of honor,—that
the same principles by which he would feel
himself bound in his ordinary intercourse with
men, he would be inclined to extend to all
questions of national intercourse and stipulations
by treaty. Had the British Government been
disposed to be guided by similar principles, the
question of our Boundary would never have
been raised by them. Under the influence of
such principles, however, the President was
not only disposed, but fully determined, so far
as depended upon him, as we have been in-
formed, to abide by the recommendation of the
King of the Netherlands, on the ground that it
was not strictly honorable to avail ourselves of
the objection that the language of the King of
the Netherlands, was the language of recom-
mendation or advice, and not of decision.—
The difficulty was therefore to induce the Pres-
ident to take a different view of the question
and to suffer it to be disposed of according to
the decision of men who looked more closely
at what they deemed to be the strict rights of
parties. Hence the great object of the pro-
ceedings of the Legislature of Maine—of the
majority of our members of Congress, and our
agent and Commissioners at Washington was,
as we have understood, to surmount those feel-
ings of repugnance to putting the question once
more afloat, which were felt not by the Presi-
dent alone, but by many of the most intelligent
and influential men of all parties. The opposi-
tion wished to throw the whole responsibility
upon the President, well knowing what were his
views and feelings. His friends would natu-
rally desire to consult the President's wishes
when they could do so consistently. The com-
mittee of Foreign Relations of the Senate, a
majority of whom were friends of the adminis-
tration, had reported in favor of accepting the
award; and it was expected as a matter of

course that the Senate would accept the Report. The Report, however, as it is well known, was not accepted; and from that time to the present, the only official information we have received on the subject is the following from the organ of the British ministry in the House of Commons.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Tuesday, March 4.

NEGOTIATIONS WITH AMERICA.

Mr. G. Robinson (as we were told) availed himself of the presence of the Rt. Hon. Baronet (Sir R. Peel) on the benches opposite, to ask him whether any progress had been made in the negotiations with the United States, respecting the North American boundary?

Sir R. Peel said that it would be a difficult matter to give the Hon. member an answer on the boundary question in terms as concise as those in which he had couched his query. The boundary question was one of the most important and complicated questions with which the Government had to deal, as it related to the settling of the limits of the State of Maine on the part of the United States, and of the limits of the province of New Brunswick on the part of his British Majesty. The dispute arose out of a treaty made between the two countries so long ago as the year 1783. By that treaty a line was to be drawn determining the boundaries of Maine and New Brunswick. Certain high lands were to be discovered between the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic; and those high lands were to form the boundaries of the two provinces. But these high lands have never been discovered; indeed it was physically impossible to find them. In consequence of this, a convention was subsequently made between this country and the United States by which the settlement of these boundaries was left to the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands. Three points were submitted to this arbitration.

On two of them the King of the Netherlands had given a decided opinion; but on the third he said it was impossible for him to give any opinion at all, as the high lands did not exist in the position in which they were supposed to exist in 1783. (A laugh.) Under these circumstances, the King of the Netherlands suggested that an amicable compromise should take place between our government and that of the United States. The British Government was desirous to stand by the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands with respect to the terms of the compromise; but the United States refused to do so. (The United States then suggested that there should be a new survey. The British Government consented to make that new survey, and abide by it, provided certain preliminary articles were agreed to. One of them was, whether the Bay of Fundy should be considered as a part of the Atlantic Ocean. A dispatch had been sent out upon this point in the course of last autumn, but no answer had yet been received to it, the President of the United States having declined to produce any papers on the point, from fear, he supposed, of compromising himself on the subject. The negotiation, however, was still pending. This was the only point now in controversy between the two powers, and he was certain that the announcement of that fact would give delight to all the lovers of peace, who wished well to the commercial interests of both countries. A paper, he repeated, had been transmitted to the American Government in October last, and it was impossible to ascertain yet whether the terms of that paper had been accepted.)

The proposition submitted to our government by that of Great Britain relative to the North Eastern Boundary is understood to be, the preliminary question, to an actual survey, viz: whether the bay of Fundy is to be regarded as part of the open sea.

[Eastern Argus.]

THE GLORIOUS VICTORY OF THE DEMOCRACY OF CONNECTICUT!!

The Hartford Times of Saturday 11th, contains returns from all the towns in the State but four.

The vote for Governor, is 41,212; of these the Democratic Candidate (Edwards), received 21,795
Foot (the Federal Candidate,) do 19,317

Democratic majority 2,178
The Times estimates the actual majority at about 2,600

The Democrats have carried their whole congressional ticket by about the same majority.

Sixteen Democratic Senators have been elected to five Federalists and Anties.

In the House of Representatives the parties will stand about 140 Democrats to 70 Federalists and Anties!

From the Hartford Times.

A SPLENDID VICTORY!

We publish authentic returns from almost every town in the State. Our friends have all done their duty and done it well. Wiggery (Federalism) is annihilated forever in this State. We shall have an opposition, but it will not be wiggery. Connecticut has taken the first firm step in the next Presidential election, and is united with the democracy of the nation. Should the opposition and others, by any intrigue throw the next Presidential election into Congress, the vote of this State will not be lost.

Our opponents will not talk of "apathy," for it is the largest vote ever polled in the State. Neither exertion, money nor means were spared by them; but in vain. The Democrats still louder than that of Constantine or of any other, was never given—such a result was never a yet, undescribed grandeur of the palaces and

chieved in old Connecticut. The State is re-deemed, regenerated and disenthralled.

[Port. Argus.]

Andrew Jackson and his administration will be sustained in the next Congress, by the united and undivided vote of the Connecticut representatives. A change of twelve votes is effected in the House of Representatives, and our Senators will be instructed to do rightly.

We confess ourselves gratified at the successful termination of the election. It is the triumph of principle—of sober, honest conviction, of reason, and of duty. It is a result of which all democrats may be proud, for they have exhibited themselves on this occasion, as true, thinking and independent freemen.

From the Hartford Times.

We have elected our Congressmen, Governor, and State Officers, by a majority of about 2600 over the "Whig" Candidates. We have carried in SIXTEEN Senators to five Whigs and Anties, and in the House of Representatives, we shall have about ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY, to seventy whigs and anties. We believe that the enemy will feel satisfied that we have now got a "sound and healthy majority."

The Times has authentic returns from all towns in the State except four, all of which have heretofore given democratic majorities. The votes, as far as received, for Gov. are, For the Democratic candidate, 21,795
For the Federal " 19,317

Democratic majority, 2,478
The Congressional majority will vary very little from the above. The Victory is complete.

The astute editor of the Advertiser wonders that the Democrats should rejoice over the victory in Connecticut, because that State has been so long and so dark in the mire of Federalism. But this is the very reason why they rejoice—that it is even at this late hour extricated from its past degradation. The pictures and promises of Federalism have been tried and proved mere delusion and shadow—like the apples of Sodom, beautiful to the eye, but containing ashes and bitterness.

[Saco Democrat.]

From the Augusta Age.

Indiana Senators. Messrs. Tipton and Hendricks, the Senators from Indiana, were elected as friends of the Administration. The latter has been rather wavering in his political course for some time past, sometimes acting with one party and sometimes with the other. And last winter, Brooks of the Portland Gazette, wrote home a letter stating that Mr. Tipton had concluded to join the coalition. We notice in the papers Addresses from the two Senators to their constituents. Mr. Hendricks confines himself almost entirely to local matters, leaving unexplained his views in relation to general politics. Not so with Mr. Tipton. He writes in a manner that cannot be misunderstood, and which, we should think, must put to flight the hopes of the coalition as to receiving his vote in the Senate. The next step will be for the Bank presses to come out and denounce him as a *collar man*. Every one who votes against the Bank, according to them, wears a collar, and those who respect the popular voice and obey the instructions of their constituents, are especially denounced and vilified!

The Washington Globe has issued proposals for publishing a new series of the Extra Globe to commence with the 25th day of May next, to be published weekly for six months. The first number will contain the proceedings of the National Convention, to be held at Baltimore on the 20th of May. The price is one dollar, payable in advance. [The Age.]

RELIGION OF ANCIENT MEXICO.

The attention of the world has been so frequently directed to the idolatrous systems of India that the stupendous structure of Mexican idolatry as it existed at the time of the Spanish invasion, is rarely mentioned, and scarcely retains any hold on the mind of man. The sources from which we compile the following historical sketch are the letter from Cortez to the King of Spain on the conquest of Mexico and the History of Bernal Diaz, an eyewitness of what he describes.

At the time of the invasion, Mexico, at the very summit of earthly prosperity, sustained her King, Montezuma—a monarch inheriting many noble qualities of mind and gentleness of disposition, united to many warlike attributes. The form of government was monarchical, but not hereditary, and the police of the empire was a most skilful and politic combination of well balanced powers and checks producing the firmest consolidation of interests. Indeed the reflecting mind can scarcely reconcile the horrid cruelty of their bloody religion with the harmony and, in many respects, equitable frame of the government. Architectural grandeur, and the towers of temple, fortress, palace and tomb, gave ancient Mexico, seated in her quiet lake, the appearance which may be supposed to have belonged to Tyre, once the queen of cities as she smiled in beautiful sublimity over the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Well might the Spaniards pause in wonder as their column of battle, like a cloud slumbering a moment on the brow of the stupendous mountain environs came in full view of this magnificent city. The market sent out the roar of business to the hills beyond; and still louder than that of Constantinople or of any other, was the eternal City, and the unlooked for, and, as yet, undescribed grandeur of the palaces and

temples, was calculated to make the deepest impression on a foreign mind.

The chief temple of their religion occupied as much ground as a town capable of sustaining five hundred inhabitants. It was indeed garrisoned by ten thousand men, the body guard of the sovereign. Surrounded by high walls, with four massive gates, it threw up to a great altitude more than 20 towers or pyramids, each one surmounted by an idol. At a little distance from this temple stood a tower, a true emblem of hell, its vast door resembling the opened mouth of an enormous monster filled with demons and serpent forms of terrible size. It was a place of human sacrifice covered continually with blood.

In the larger temple were two altars highly adorned, and over them the gigantic figures of their war god, Huixilopuchilli, and his brother, Texcallepica, the god of the infernal regions. The first had a great face, terrible eyes, was covered with gold and jewels, had a necklace of gold and silver wrought into the human figures of human heads and human hearts ornamented with precious stones of a blue color; and this huge body was bound with golden serpents: the other had the countenance of a bear, with great shining eyes and an equal profusion of gold and jewels, wrought into, if possible, a more diabolical assemblage of infernal imagery. Before the first of these figures lay three human hearts wet with human blood; before the latter four—taken from the victims while alive by making a sudden incision in the side, tearing out the heart and casting it before the idol, while the eyes of the victim were rolling in the death agony and the limbs quivering in the mortal pang. These sacrifices were so frequently repeated that the stench from the shedding of blood and its consequent putrefaction was almost intolerable. In this place was a drum of enormous size, the head of which was composed of the skins of large serpents, making a noise, when struck, that might be heard at the distance of two leagues; and, says Bernal Diaz, so doleful that it deserved to be named the music of the infernal regions. The bodies of all their idols far exceeded the human form in their size and were composed of mixtures of pulse and grain, formed into paste with human blood. Their priests were numerous; they imposed upon themselves the vow of continence, permitted no female to enter their dwellings, wore their hair in thick clothed masses, and lacerated their ears in honor of their gods. The children of the caciques were educated by the priests whose testimony respecting each pupil decided whether his name should be inserted on the list of nobles or on that of plebeians. Personal merit alone formed the distinction of the nobility.

Western Methodist.

From the New England Galaxy.

HEADS AND POINTS.—No. 11.
Want to buy a tract this mornin'?

No.
Want to sell?

Why—that depends upon circumstances—what'll you give?

What'll you take?

Why to tell the truth, I don't care much about sellin' to-day—turning a roll of tobacco in his shirt, and trying to spit against the wind thro' his shut teeth—timber land's risin' so fast now, 't a feller can't keep up with it, if he stops long enough to count his money, or even to look at his watch—hey?

Why don't ye buy then? Lugging forth a beautiful map and retreating to the passageway, where it could be unrolled with safety. Here's a chance worth havin', I tell ye.—One quarter of this here township's jest sold to a company from New York for seven dollars an acre—bought day 'fore yesterday for two-and-a-half.

Man alive! I know that are township—every inch on't! I went over it myself, no less than three times, about a year and a half ago, when 'twas offered to me at two-and-three-pence per acre, to see if I could make up my mind to buy it at that price—and I couldn't; I'll be darned if I could!

More fool you; why didn't you take hold?

Why, there wa'n't no timber on't to speak of—and where there was any, there wa'n't no water.

No timber!—no water!—Why look here! unrolling the map, and pointing to a part, where a magnificent wilderness and ever so many broad blue streams were laid out, rippling thro' the township in every possible direction, with natural basins just where they were wanted, mills and mill-privileges, together with a view of the Rail-Road to Quebec, and a multitude of other conveniences, all set forth in black and white—Look here frind!—what do you say to that? hey!

What do you say to that?—why I say—drawing in his breath and letting it out again with a long protracted whistle—*whew-ew-ew*—don't cost much to make trees on paper—nor water neither.

Oli, I understand ye? said the other—you want to buy—rolling up the map and walking away, with a wink at the bystanders, most of whom followed him to the next corner, like so many rats tolled away by a rat-catcher.

My attention was now attracted by a loud whispering from the midst of another group. Two men were standing apart, holding down their heads to the storm, and talking together, just loud enough to be overheard; one with his back against a post, the other with his hands in his breeches' pockets, and his large fur cape turned up and pulled about his face, so that you could just see the twinkle of his eyes, stop it must before long, all these wealthy men, into which a storm of sleet was driving. Near all these young adventurers, who are turning purpose,

them were a number of young men, mostly shopkeepers and mechanics, who had been straining their credit to the last cent, mortgaging all the property they had on earth, and all their hopes, and issuing their notes for at least ten times more than they were worth, or ever likely to be worth—some with, and some without umbrellas or great-coats—their clothes dripping, their boot squeaking at every step, the wet snow clinging to them all over in patches, and their fur-caps looking like so many drowned puppies. One would have thought by the behavior of both parties, that they had agreed neither to see nor hear each other.

What'll you take for your bargain? said the tall man, who stood with his back to the post, in a whisper which you might have heard half across the street, though the wind blew a regular Down-Easter.

What'll I take?—what'll you give? aint afeared to make an offer, hey?

Here the young men all contrived to hitch a little nearer—without being observed; all with their heads turned away however—and all odd-ly enough, so conted up as to receive the wet snow in their ears. What could it have been for? Not because the land-speculators were trying to get a *leete* to the windward of them, hey? And then the fur-collars on that side, some how or other, didn't appear to fit so well as they ought.

What'll ye give? continued he.

What'll ye take?

I'll take an offer.

You will! Wal then, I'll give you fifty thousand dollars.

No—shaking off the snow from his comforter, and turning on his heel, as if to go away. But his companion followed and faced him, and the other group revolved in the same way—capes, umbrellas and all—each with the other was exposed now.

Wal, now I've made my offer, it's your turn to make your'n—if you're any part of a man.

What'll you take?

Take I—I'll take one hundred thousand dollars.

No—but I'll tell you what I will do—I'll split the difference.

Wal, sein 's you, I don't care if I do, though I know its worth two hundred thousand dollars, every cent on't—

Psaw!—a likely story that—how, how, how! Likely story!—wal, is the truth; and to show you that I haint no idee o' jockeyin', I'll tell ye what'll do—man fashion—jest step in here with me to the lawyer's and we'll finish the trade right away; and arter its all over—pulling out his pocket-book, and showing heaps of money—I'll give you five thousand dollars cash, for one half the profits you'll make on the trade.

Why what the devil!—glancing at the bystanders, who were all staring open-mouthed at the bills, and fumbling in their breeches' pockets, with a convulsive, earnest, fidgety, business-like air—Why what on airth do you sell for? Why don't ye keep your lands, if you're so plaguy sure they're a gwyin to rise in that way?

Why haint I got as much as I want?—with an air of indifference—and mor'n I can manage? My transactions have been putty heavy this last month—I tell ye!—never want too many eggs in one basket. But if you aint satisfied though—there—I taking out two parcels of United States Bank notes—there's two thousand dollars, you needn't count it—you'll find it all right—now I'll give you that for your bargain, and we'll stop where we air, and not go a step furder.

Here was a clincher. The young men could stand it no longer. The writings were drawn, and before night, six of the bystanders were in partnership with the purchaser, for the same bargain, at a hundred thousand dollars for what they had seen him pay seventy-five thousand dollars for.

But who is that man, said I—I think I've seen his face before?

Which do you mean?

The tall man—the seller—he whose transactions have been so heavy this last month.

Oli!—he's a New Hampshire man—failed about six months ago, and paid off his creditors at ten per cent; he began speculating in lands, with a capital of one hundred and fifty dollars, which he had saved, nobody knows how—every farthing he had on earth to my certain knowledge. And that sum he keeps for a nest-egg now!

And who is the other, pray?

Oli, he's another New Hampshire blade—supposed to be worth a hundred thousand dollars now; never was master of two pocket-handkerchiefs at a time in his life, till within the last month; and even now isn't the owner of three shirts, with the same mark on them, I'll warrant ye.

And how in the name of all that is wonderful, do these men manage? It appears to me to be sheer gambling and cheating.

The sheerest gambling, Sir, and the boldest cheating. They buy they know not what, and they care not what—they never see the lands—they buy only to sell; the leaders in this extraordinary and almost universal hallucination, were five out of six, notorious gamblers—all they were worth, before they had entered into the land speculations, they obtained by cards or lotteries.

Of course there are fictitious sales? Undoubtedly. What could be easier? No combination required; little or no money, and a rising market. They give their notes for three fourths—pay one fourth—and sell on the same terms; so that when the wheel stops, as you could but just see the twinkle of his eyes, stop it must before long, all these wealthy men, into which a storm of sleet was driving. Near all these young adventurers, who are turning purpose,

their backs upon all regular business, throwing up their trades, their shops, and the little they have been earning for years, by hard work and sober industry, will find themselves worth only just what has been left of the first payment they have received, after deducting the first broad for three times as much as they are worth, perhaps for ten times as much, and all their prospects in life blasted forever. Why Sir—five persons out of every six you see, are engaged in this business!

Another merino-fever, hey?

Exactly, and I dare say you can remember I can, as if it were but yesterday, when judicious men actually pawned their watches, to buy shares in *Don Carlos*, a ram valued at six thousand dollars.

Of a piece with the gold-region!—with the *Tulipmania*—with the *Mississippi Scheme*—with the *South Sea Scheme*—and with the joint stock companies of England, when they actually formed associations for supplying London with milk, and for washing clothes on a scale that required an act of incorporation, a President, directors, and even so many solicitors to manage the business. Not many years ago, settling lands were all the rage for speculation here, and many men, judicious calculating men, who knew what they were about, invested all they were worth, in these very lands at 12 1-2 cents the acre!—they might as well have thrown their money into the sea. So will it be with timber lands to the last purchasers.

Where will this end, think ye?

End!—in the discouragement of all sober and steady business! in the destruction of hundreds of industrious young men, with their families, in the overthrow of the public moral sense, and in the inoculation of the whole community of New England, with a spirit of desperate gambling—a spirit of rash, headlong, unprincipled and ruinous adventure—most ruinous to those who prosper most. End, Sir!

It will end in making confirmed gamblers and hideous profligates of hundreds, who, but a few days ago, would as soon have been caught tipsy in church, as at a billiard-table or in a lottery office, in the present state of public opinion; and what is even worse—if worse can be—it will end in making thousands, who have held themselves aloof during this frightful mania, discontented and miserable, or ashamed of the honest profits of a regular business. The whole neighborhood—the whole region of country is defiled—New England is no longer what she was!

Men now risk what is not their own, without reproach. What they gain is theirs—what they lose is their creditors'. But beware! a good character is worth more than money to a young man. He who makes 10,000 dollars, makes but 600 dollars a year. Who would sell himself for that—in other words, give up a regular business that produced from three to four times that, as many do—if he understood the value of character—or knew how to respect himself—or even to cipher.

N.

Though we never happened to get far enough into the woods to see an owl, or far enough down east to see the sun rise in the West, yet we have seen a small sample of Eastern land on paper, ten or dozen acres or so—a mere trifle in the pocket of a speculator. A friend of ours was last spring invited to invest a small sum in the purchase of a delightful township, the peculiar advantages of which were as follows: Heavy timbered lands, on which there had been only one winter's logging. A little tract in one corner only had been burned, distinguished on the map by a brown shade. Directly through the town ran a magnificent river second only to the Mississippi, running in a course so delightfully accommodating that it could not have been made more convenient, with a pen. A sluice or canal would connect it with another magnificent river, or obviate the difficulty of descending falls, we forget which, and the Legislature of the State of Maine, would empower the owners to demand toll from all logs that should come down from townships above—which tolls would yield an immense revenue. There was a natural growth of fine English hay, sufficient to feed all the cattle used in the removal of the timber to the river side. The stumpage alone was to pay all the notes for the land as they fell due; thus clearing all incumbrances natural and pecuniary. And the whole price of this El Dorado, was only one hundred thousand dollars, to be purchased by a company of half a dozen, of which our friend was almost persuaded to make one. Before making the purchase, however, he decided to do the prudent thing, by enquiring by letter of a friend 'Down East', as to the actual value of the land in question. That friend conversed with a surveyor, or rather as they say Down East, an *Explorer*. The true 'day of the land', proved to be thus: Nine months in a year, the magnificent river will not float a dead cat down, without running the carcass aground. The township has been all burned over—what trees the fire spared were 'stumped'—and the less one owns of the land for the purpose of cultivation, the richer he is. Our friend declined the purchase, choosing to take no such direct way of making a fortune by listening to the oracle; as Darius destroyed a great army in obedience to the prophecy, he should make a fortune—at his own expense. To the question why, if the prospect of wealth was so certain, the holder wished to be rid of the land, the reply was, as set down by the Senior Editor—Haint I got as much as I want? And when he found his game would not bite by coaxing, he tried by bullying to drive him into the net, in the most approved Yankee method, as described in 'Heads and Points'—it is hardly necessary to add, to no W.

We'll

shall en

an extra

giving to

decided

cases ca

fects, a

sentimen

so oppos

regarded

tend to b

the duty

No law s

the statu

citizens o

much of t

the modif

session of

act. It is

every year

three or f

now exten

citizens o

infing lan

they been

would be

request it

to introd

to perplex

we think a

be said of

ions of t

when our

ining the

One wou

so accusat

some degre

acquired su

stories befor

vor, and th

those unfor

place any r

encouraged

ple. The b

party, but

the people

all their bo

You promi

feat. The

The peopl

have been

in the land

of Republi

with handli

cessary to

deceived the

a short time

ful.—Vernon

shire have lo

Massachus

distinguished

extensive in

has not spar

Aristocracy,

even in old

Quincy, Ad

things, unles

former times.

people, and y

around them.

They feel con

the power the

no longer how

they feel the

The whole we

ic and it is in

to resist it.

A cause men

VIRGINIA

State and will

anticipate the

able to democ

nal result is l

this election i

lean party gen

country. We

The oppositi

election of an

ILL

The oppositi

strate of that

stray cattle, re

the paper pub

is for Van Bur

The Best Mode of Dying. The notions of making respecting the easiest, sweetest, and most comfortable mode of "shuffling off his mortal coil," are exceedingly various and contradictory. Some think drowning is the easiest mode; and there are not wanting those who profess to have tried it, who say, "it is as easy as preaching!" when they are lying flat on their backs in the bottom of the ocean, river, or whatever body of water it may be—when breath has departed, and sight has gone out, and they are just taking their leave for their sublimar things, they feel as happy as a prince on the day of his coronation, or a man on his wedding night—that a thousand pleasant and "delectable shapes" run sporting and dancing through the brain—that their ideas are most delightful, and their sensations most ecstatic—and in short, that it is really worth a while for a man so to die now and for the pure enjoyment of the thing.

Some think that freezing must be the most delectable mode of putting out the fire of life; and a paragraph is now going the rounds, which asserts and describes the incomparable pleasure of dying through the medium of frost. It is so cool and comfortable! And then one goes out of the world with a charming numbness to all the ills that flesh is heir to, at the same time that he carries with him a stiff upper lip.

Others again think the better mode of "shuffling off this mortal coil," is to put a coil about their necks. And those who hold this opinion, seem to be the most numerous party judging from the great majority of suicides that depend on a rope. Whether these think it the most ecstatic mode of dying—or whether like Jack Ketch, they consider it the "only natural death"—or whether, in third place, they adopt it as a means of raising them nearer to heaven, not having any direct information from those who have fairly killed themselves we cannot decide.

Some prefer a pistol—probably that they may make a noise in the world at the time of their death. If "report shall no more be made of them," they have at least made a report of themselves at their going off. Some prefer the knife; some the dagger; but most, the bowl—we mean the intoxicating bowl—which usually allows them the luxury of a two-or-three-years death.

Females—rejecting all course, bloody, and disgusting modes of departing this life—prefer being squeezed to death. Encasing their fair bodies in a tight bodice, until the soul-case is too narrow for the soul, they had rather go off in the prime of life by stays, than to stay behind, and finally go off through the tottering footsteps of old age.

The ancients, as well as moderns, had various tastes in dying. Curtius leaped the yawning gulph, armed cap-a-pie, and with a good horse under him. Brutus fell on his sword; Cæsar, dived; and Cato, the same. Seneca opened his veins, and bled to death leisurely, while enjoying the luxury of a warm bath. Cleopatra the charming queen of Egypt, preferred the means of a poisonous serpent, to asp. And Sappho, the poetess, employed her feet in leaping from a high rock into the sea.

But among all the various deaths by which mankind, either ancient or modern, have preferred to take themselves off, we do not know of any well authenticated case, where the traveler has once passed the bourne of life, and he had ever returned to give an account of the particular delights, of his exit. It is difficult therefore, from any evidence, to be at all relied on, so to compare notes as to be able to decide on the easiest, most judicious, and comfortable way of departing this life.

As for those, who pretended to pronounce by their own experience, in favor of freezing, drowning, or any other special mode, we leave them to be little better than false knaves, who were never "clean dead" in all their lives; and we advise every body patiently to

"Wait the great teacher, D. M."

rather than give heed to the pernicious accounts of a set of voyagers, who were never out of sight of this earthly land, and who are no more to be relied on than a Penzon, a Pindler or a Trollope. [N. Y. Trans.]

ANIMALS OF SOUTH AFRICA. It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the singular barrenness of many parts of the country, there should have been found within eight or nine degrees of latitude from the Cape point, the largest, as well as the most minute objects in almost every class of the animal world. Thus, like the ostrich and the creeper among the feathered tribes, among the beasts we have the elephant and the black-streaked mouse; the one weighing about four thousand pounds, the other about the fourth part of an ounce; the camelopardalis, seventeen feet high, and the little elegant zebu, or viverra, of three inches. Here too, as above stated, is the abode of the prodigious hippopotamus, more bulky, though not so high as the elephant; and also the rhinoceros, equally ponderous and slow-like in its formation. Of the thirty different species of antelope known in natural history, this country alone possesses eighteen. Besides these, there is the largest of the eland or orcas that exists, six feet high; together with the little pigmy, or royal antelope, which is little more than six inches. The spring-bok, or leaping antelope, is, as was before observed, sometimes met with in herds of four or five thousand. The lion, the leopard, the panther, and various species of the tiger-cat are likewise indigenous; but not the striped tiger of India. The wolf, hyena, and three or four different kinds of jackals are every where found; as also the ant-eater, the iron ling, or crested porcupine, the viverra, that burrows in the ground, the jerboa, nearly allied to the kan-

garoo, and several species of hares. Buffaloes infest the woods and thickets; and many of the plains abound with zebras; with the stronger and more elegant shaped quacha; as well as with whole herds of the singular koo, partaking of the form of the ox, the horse, the antelope, and the stag. In the mountains there are numerous and large troops of that disgusting animal, the dog-faced baboon; and likewise swarms of apes and monkeys of all sizes.

APHORISMS.

I have remarked that men who sport tight, either have, or imagine they have, good limbs; this may be received as an incontrovertible fact.

Little fellows generally wear high-crowned hats, tall men low ones.

I cannot understand why short, dumpy women are so fond of sporting wide-shouldered and full-bottomed gowns, to say nothing of inordinate bustles; but such is the fact.

If you wish to make yourself agreeable to any one, talk as much as you please about his or her affairs, and as little as possible about your own.

Young girls of from fourteen to seventeen are very fond of aping the women in their dress and are partial to long shawls, which give these young things a matronly appearance. When they become women in reality, they are rather too apt to go upon the opposite tack, and to assume the dress and airs of the girl.

Never praise or talk of young children to other people, for depend upon it no person except yourself cares a single farthing for them.

It is difficult for a man of sterling talent to perpetrate a pun, or solve an enigma.

A man who is for ever "my dearing" his wife may with great safety be pronounced hen-pecked.

A married pair, who show a huge love and respect for each other before company, invariably fight like dog and cat when alone.

The study of the law has a sad tendency to pervert the intellect, and destroy the capability of distinguishing between right and wrong.

When a mother is constantly scolding you with praises of her daughter, you may depend upon it she has some design upon you.

Clerical Wit. The facetious Watty Morrison, as he was commonly called, was entreating the commanding officer of a regiment at Fort George to pardon a poor fellow sent to the halberds. The officer granted his petition on condition that Mr. Morrison should accord with the first favor he asked. The favor was to perform the ceremony of baptism for a young puppy. A merry party of gentlemen were invited to the christening. Mr. Morrison desired Major ——— to hold up the dog.

"As I am a minister of the kirk of Scotland (said Mr. Morrison) I must proceed accordingly."

"Well then, Major, I begin with the usual question: You acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?"

The Major understood the joke, and threw away the animal. Thus Mr. Morrison turned the laugh against the ensnarer who intended to deride a sacred ordinance.

On another occasion, a young officer scoffed at the parade of study to which clergy men assign their right to remuneration for labor, and he offered to take a wager he could preach half an hour upon any verse, or section of a verse in the Old or New Testament. Mr. Morrison took the bet, and pointed out, *And the Ass opened his mouth and he spoke.* The officer declined employing his eloquence on that text. Mr. Morrison won the wager, and showed the scorner.

Pasture, is not always to be bought. The late trials sometimes procure it. For instance, O. ——— dull hour entering into conversation with an acquaintance exchanged the current of ideas and drives off melancholy. Listening to a strain of music, will occasionally induce somnolence, and produce soul thrilling delight. A walk into the country of a spring morning. Taking up a book and giving up ourselves completely to the page which lies open to our view. Leaving off at meal time with a good appetite. Performing a duty. All these confer gratification. It is in the details of a day, nor happiness or sorrow is found. Not in a life of eminence, great wealth, or military glory.

Contest with a Whale. Whalers from a distant class. When several vessels are assembled at any of the places of rendezvous, the oldest captain in the company is styled the admiral. They have suppers on board one of the ships, every night, to which all present are invited, by hoisting a flag before sunset. I attended on one of those occasions, and was much amused by the peculiar slang of these people. "Come," said the captain, "take a cigar; you'll find it in pretty much half Spanish, I guess." I inquired of one who had been relating some exploits with whales, whether he never felt that he was in danger? "Why, I always think, if I have a good lance, the fish is most in danger!" I asked another whether he had ever met with an accident? "I can't say exactly as how I have, though I came plaguy near it once. You see, we was off the coast of Japan, right on a whal of whales, and all hands was lookin' at the creatures with the glass, and saw one an' em flit her tail again' a boat, and it was a caution to see the scatterments she made of her. All the boys were set a swimmin'; so the cook and me jumped into a boat and picked 'em all up. Directly, the fish blowed close to us, and I took an iron and

sunk it into her, and I know how to strike a whale as well as any man; but the creature conted the wrong way, and I know how a sparm ought to cant; and comin' at us full tilt, with her jaws as wide open as a barn door, bit the boat smack in tw. in the middle. Then she clawed up one end of her, and by the time we got hold on the other, she came at us agin, and making another bite, took me by the back betwix her teeth, and shook me as a puppy would a ball of yarn; and I guess, she would'n have dropped me if the mate hadn't come up in another boat, and shoved in his lance till she was sickened! As good luck would have it, we was all picked up without any accident; but I've got five of her tooth-prints in my back to this day."—*Three Years in the Pacific.*

The excitement upon the Temperance question in Worcester, has not in the least abated. A meeting was called on the evening of the 3d inst., at the Town Hall, of those in favor of granting licenses—more than five hundred people were informed, were present. It was called to order by Calvin Willard, High Sheriff, who was chosen chairman, and Mr. Davis elected Secretary. The meeting was addressed by Col. Merrick, and others, after which a committee was appointed to report Resolutions, which was done, and their report accepted by acclamation. The excitement was so great, previous to the meeting, that it was with great difficulty mobs were prevented. A dispute arose at the Post Office between a Mr. Jesse Goodrich, and Levi Lincoln, Jr., (son of the late Governor) upon the subject of Temperance, when Mr. G. told Mr. L. that he lied—Mr. Lincoln instantly knocked Mr. Goodrich down—a crowd immediately collected, and it was only by great exertion that an open riot was avoided. A watch is set every night to guard the only Tavern open. This feeling of acrimony has even entered the religious societies, and threatens the most baneful effects upon the peace and order of the whole community. Travellers have been compelled to lodge in barns—the one Tavern open being incapable of containing one half of the travellers. How this business will end, it is impossible to predict. *Boston Statesman.*

Singular and most Important Invention. Mr. Parker, of the State of New York, has discovered a composition which will harden like a stone, and yet may be worked in a soft state as easily as mortar!—Exposure to the weather causes it to petrify and become actual stone requiring a heavy blow with a hammer to break it. Mr. P. has recently completed a section of Canal as a specimen of that intended to bring water into New York, from the Croton river. It may be cast in moulds in the form of pillars, fire places, vestibules, and is not dearer than brick. Its value is incalculable for building cisterns, &c. situated in wet or damp places. It is undoubtedly one of the most important inventions of the day. The American Institute have awarded Mr. Parker a gold medal. [Troy Chronicle.]

"Faring Sumptuously." A foreign pauper in the Boston almshouse recently wrote to Ireland for his whole family to come out, stating that he had found good quarters, had made three times a week, and otherwise fared sumptuously every week; and when the keeper asked him why he did not tell the whole truth, and say he had spent seven times a week, replied, that if he had told the whole, he was *afraid they would not believe him.*

Female Intrepidity. In the interior provinces of New Grenada, in Spanish times, a number of parties of Patriots had sprung up in formidable bodies, who had penetrated to the outskirts of the capital of Santa Fe de Bogota. The Royalists discovered and seized a number of emissaries or spies, who communicated with the Patriots, and among them a woman named Policarpa Salabarri, born in the town of Guachaca, by means of whom plans and instructions to invade the capital were transmitted to the Patriots. In spite of all the threats and tortures which were inflicted on her, to make her reveal the authors of these documents, found in her possession, she persisted in secrecy to the last, and this heroic woman died with the greatest fortitude, exclaiming to the moment of her execution, "You shall not hear it from my mouth; I will die—and may those live who can free the country."—*Bogota paper.*

An Excuse.—One of his neighbors once went to Nasser-ad-din, and solicited the loan of a rope. The Khodjah went into his house, and after a delay of several minutes returned, and told the borrower that the rope was in use tying up flour. "What do you mean?" said the neighbor, "how can a rope be used to bind up flour?" "A rope may be applied to any use," replied the Khodjah, "when I do not wish to lend it."—*Turkish Jist-Book.*

Use of Glasses. A dandy, strutting about a tavern, took up a pair of green spectacles which lay on the table, put them on nose, and, turning to the looking-glass, said, "Landlord, how do those become me? Don't you think they improve my looks?" "I think they do," replied the landlord; "they hide a part of your face."

Ludicrous Proposition.—The editor of the Bristol Gazette denounces the conduct of the authorities of Bermuda in seizing the cargo of slaves. He remarks, "If the John Bulls of Bermuda continue these high-handed pranks, we had better engage one of our canal contractors, with his gang, and half a dozen scows, to shovel up that island and bring it off."

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

It is hereby notified to the proprietors of the lands hereafter mentioned in the town of Carthage, that the same are taxed in bills committed for collection to the undersigned Collector of said Carthage for the year 1854 in the respective sums following, viz:

Name of Owner	No. of Acres	Value	Tax	Difficulties
Wm. Bowley, 1-2 of John S. Barry	10	4	\$1 1.32	
Nathl M. Smith	10	0	50 1.00	
North half unknown	1	0	85 1.70	
Unknown	5	0	40 .50	
do.	15	70	1.40	
do.	10	50	1.00	
do.	11	70	1.40	
do. part of Store and House	7	11	40 .50	
do.	7	14	100 2.00	
do.	5	50	1.30 2.40	
School House Tax	2	19	1.15	
do.	2	13	1.61	

The said Collector will proceed to sell according to law, at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, at the Subordinate of the said Carthage, at ten o'clock A. M. on Monday the tenth day of September next, so much of said lands as shall be sufficient to discharge said taxes and the necessary intervening charges; if no person shall appear on or before that day to discharge said taxes and charges.

Dated at Carthage the 7th day of April, 1855.

JOHNATHAN MORSE, Collector of Carthage.

Farms For Sale.

On the Androscoggin River, two miles from Rumford Corner.

ONE farm of one hundred and twenty acres of Intervale with out-land—or fifty acres of Intervale with out-land and buildings, as may best suit the purchaser, may be had on favorable terms. Persons wishing to purchase will call on CUSHMAN & KIMBALL, Rumford Point, February 23, 1855.

GENTLEMEN'S VADE MECUM,

OR THE

SPORTING & DRAMATIC

COMPANION.

ON the third of January, 1855, was commenced in Philadelphia, a new periodical bearing the above comprehensive title. Its contents will be carefully adapted to the wants of that portion of the public who patronize Dramatic Literature, the Turf, Sporting and the Fashions. From the growing wealth and increasing population of the United States, and the near assimilation of the national appetite with whatever promotes the rational Recreations of Life, it is presumed that this Journal, possessing, as the proprietors of it will ample means to diversify its pages, and a determination to render them as judicious in selection as correct taste in all matters relating to its design—cannot fail to meet with a liberal and creditable support from an enlightened community in every quarter of the country. The difficulty of procuring such a paper as might be so carefully selected with any of the claims of novelty to ensure popularity & encouragement, has been not the least embarrassing obstacle which the proprietors of this work had to surmount in its inception. Feeling confident, however, that its merits, if it has any, shall be judged. This is the more readily accomplished, the publishers being satisfied that whatever industry and a watchful zeal can affect in completing the filling up, will be done, and that they never will be found deficient or negligent in the prosecution of this enterprise, and in striving to produce a beneficial and profitable result to themselves and to others.

THE DRAMA.—Will form a material portion of the Gentlemen's Vaude Mecum. It is intended to publish at least every week, an entire play and farce—to be selected with a single eye to their merits alone; a preference, however, will be extended, in all cases, to native productions, when they can be obtained. Independent criticisms, carefully excluding all invidious comparisons, and every fact relative to the breeding, management, keeping, and the diseases of the various animals, will be particularly selected.

THE TURF.—A faithful record will be kept of all the Running and Trotting matches in this country and England. Biographies and correct portraits of celebrated thorough-bred horses will be published once a month. Every fact relative to the breeding, management, keeping, and the diseases of this invaluable animal, will be particularly selected.

SPORTING.—Under this caption, will be enumerated accounts of Shooting Matches, Pedestrian Feats, Gymnastic Exercises, Aquatic Excursions, Fishing, &c., &c., with Anecdotes of noted Dogs.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.—A quarterly review will be procured, explanatory of the various improvements and changes which costumes worn in the fashionable circles constantly undergo; by which it will be rendered an easy task for drapers and tailors at a distance, to suit their customers with the most approved colors and modern style of dress, at the earliest possible period. Providing sufficient encouragement shall be given by this portion of the public, a full-length engraving, illustrating the same, will also be prepared and published.

MISCELLANEA.—Although the purpose of four sheets may appear to be confined to the four leading subjects which have been stated—we deem it proper to say, that there will be, in addition to these, a considerable space allowed for miscellaneous matters—such as Tales—Poetry—An Epitome of News—List of Lotteries in this city and Places of Amusement—Statistics—the Grain Market—Agriculture—Prices of Stocks—List of Broken Banks—Counterfeit Note Detector—also, the American Songster, consisting of a great variety of Popular Airs, set to Music—and all other matters, regarding which an interest may be supposed to exist at home or abroad.

This work, then, as will be seen by the above explanation of its probable character, is particularly designed as a companion for the patrons of the Turf, the Drama, Sporting, Fashions, &c. &c. It will prove, also, as all its publication of facts will be authentic—a ready Record of Reference for Travelling Gentlemen, and should consequently be kept in every hotel in the United States. It is worthy of notice, that its patrons, in the course of one year, will be furnished with fifty two popular Plays and Farces—the price of which separately at any of our bookstores, would be at least Thirteen Dollars! Here there is an absolute saving of ten dollars in the purchase of a well stored Dramatic Library—to be had for an unprecedented small sum!—not taking into consideration the multiplied variety which is to accompany it, without additional charge! Tailors who desire to procure early and correct information of the changes in Dress will find this an invaluable guide.

The GENTLEMEN'S VADE MECUM will be published every Saturday, on fine imperial paper, of the largest class, at three dollars per annum, payable in advance. By enclosing a free dollar note to the publishers, postage paid, two copies of the paper will be forwarded to any direction ordered. For one year. It is respectfully requested that those who desire to subscribe for this Journal will forward their names immediately—the terms will be strictly adhered to.

Address SMITH & BENNETT, Athenian Building, Fifth Floor, Philadelphia. Specimen numbers may be had on application at the office. Public patronage respectfully solicited.

Country editors, who insert the above advertisement three or four times, will be entitled to an exchange.

BOOKS FOR \$1.25.

THE thirteen numbers of Waldie's Select Circulating Library, now issued for the year 1855, contain the following valuable and entertaining books, for the very small sum of \$1.25, with the additional advantage of being received in all parts of the Union by mail, at newspaper postage:

1. The Adventure of Japhet in Search of a Father, by the author of Peter Simple, &c.
2. Jennings' Landscape Annual for 1855; the Fall of Granada, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq.
3. Letters and Essays in prose and verse, by Richard Sharp.
4. Barring Out, from the Life of a Sub-editor.
5. Antonio the Student of Padua.
6. The Fashionable Wife and Unfashionable Husband by Mrs. Opie.
7. Traditions of the American War of Independence.
8. Travels into Bokhara, and a Voyage on the Indus, by Lieutenant Burnes.
9. The Siege of Vienna, an historical romance by Madame Fiechter.
10. Travelling Troubles.
11. My Cousin Nicholas, a humorous tale, from Blackwood's Magazine.

Of the above works there is preparing, or prepared for publication by the booksellers, Japhet, Sharp's Letters and Essays, Burnes' Travels, the Siege of Vienna, and My Cousin Nicholas; these alone will cost purchasers more than a whole year's subscription to the Circulating Library, to consist of 54 numbers including two supplements, and in addition to this, the Journal of Belles Lettres, printed on the cover of the Library, containing, weekly, one fourth as much matter as the Library itself; thus forming the cheapest publication of even this cheap era of periodicals.

Waldie's Select Circulating Library having been long established in the good opinion of the public, and sustained as it is by an unprecedented amount of patronage, no fear on the part of the subscribers can now be entertained that the publisher will not comply with his part of the engagement.

Subscriptions to the Library \$5.00 in advance, or in clubs of five, \$1.00 each.

Waldie's Port Folio and Companion to the Select Circulating Library, commenced on the first of January, 1855, being a reprint of the best articles in the English Magazines, combined with original matter, is supplied to clubs of five, at \$2.00 each, or to individual subscribers who take the Library, at \$2.50.

The Museum of Foreign Literature, Science, and Art, at \$3.00, or in clubs, at \$5.00, is published at the same office.

ADAM WALDIE, 207 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

SIX MONTHS IN A CONVENT.

RUSSELL, ODIORNE & Co., have in press, and will publish in a few days, a new work with the above title, being the Narrative of Miss REBECCA THERESA REED, who was under the influence of the Roman Catholics about two years, and an inmate of the Convent, on Mount Benedict, Chestnutown, nearly six months, in 1831-2.

The book furnishes a concise history of the rules and regulations, the employments and ceremonies of the Ursuline order; and as it is the first account ever given in this country of a similar institution, the writer has confined herself strictly to a narration of facts that transpired under her own eye, and that were noted down soon after her escape.

It will make a volume of 200 pages, 18mo, finished and bound in the neatest manner. Boston, March 3, 1855. 88

Albion Corn Plaster!

THE Albion Corn Plaster softens the Corn, however old and tough, and extracts it to the very roots. The relief afforded is gentle, immediate and thorough.

A Recent Case.

Sir—I do not hesitate to give my most unqualified approbation in favor of your valuable Albion Corn Plaster. By the use of less than a box, Mrs. Stowell has been cured of a corn on each foot, which had been exceedingly troublesome and painful for years, and I think it but justice to your invaluable preparation to add, (for the encouragement of those who owing to recent disappointments in the various remedies resorted to, have finally despaired of a cure,) that your Plaster cured her corns after trying other highly recommended remedies to no purpose; and what increases my confidence in the superiority of your Plaster, is the fact that it has been used by several of my neighbors with equally good success.

SETH STOWELL, Keeper of Toll House, S. Boston Bridge, Boston, June 17th.

Price 50 cents.

SORE AND INFLAMED EYES! The tedious, the weakly, and others who are troubled with soreness or inflammation of that delicate organ, will obtain most pleasant and invaluable application in

DUNFRIES'

EYE WATER.

This well established Wash for the Eye usually gives immediate relief, even in very aggravated diseases of soreness and inflammation. Price 25 cents.

THE TOOTH-ACHE!

THIS agonizing disorder is cured in its most painful stages, by one of the most simple as well as powerful remedies known in modern practice.

THE CAMBRIAN

TOOTH-ACHE PILLS

afford instant relief, without inflicting the slightest injury on the teeth. They are applied externally to the parts affected, with the greatest ease and expedition. Price 50 cents a box.

*None genuine, unless signed on the outside printed wrapper by the sole Proprietor, T. KIDDER, successor to the late Dr. Conway. For sale, with all the other "Conway Medicines," at his Counting Room, No. 99, next door to J. Kidder's Drug Store, corner of Court and Hanover Streets, near Concert Hall, Boston; and also, by his special appointment, by SMITH & BENNETT, Norway-Village, who have also for sale all the justly celebrated Medicines prepared by him.

Large discounts to those who buy to sell again. vi [No. 4] edwiy

JOB WORK,

EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.